



AND

Weekly Register.

PRINTED BY JOHN W. SCOTT, No. 27, BANK-STREET, (Back of No. 73, CHESNUT-STREET)
Where Subscriptions, and Literary Communications, will be thankfully received.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1804.

Azakia :

A CANADIAN STORY.

(concluded)

THIS question greatly embarrassed St. Castins. He had no reasonable subject for complaint; and the true motive of his resolution ought to be absolutely unknown to Ouabi. There was a necessity of pretending some trivial and common reasons, which the good Ouabi found very ridiculous. "Let us speak of other things," added he; "tomorrow I set out on an expedition against the Iroquois; and this evening I give to our warriors the customary feast. Partake of this amusement, dear Celario." "I am equally willing to partake of your dangers and labours," said St. Castins, interrupting him; "I shall accompany you in this new expedition." "Thy strength would betray thy courage," replied the Huron chief; "it is no great matter to know how to face death; thou shouldst be able to deal death among the enemy; thou shouldst be able to pursue the enemy, if they are put to flight; and thou shouldst be able to fly thyself, if they be an overmatch. Such were at all times our warlike maxims. Think now, therefore, only of getting thyself cured, and taking care of this habitation during my absence, which I confide to thee." It was in vain for St. Castins to make a reply. The warriors soon assemble, and the feast begins. It is scarce over, when the troops march off, and St. Castins remains more than ever exposed to the charms of Azakia.

It is certain, that this young savage loved her guest, and loved him with a love purely ideal, without doubting that it was such a love. She even took a resolution which others, who loved as she did, certainly would not have taken, which was to procure for St. Castins the opportunity of obtaining from another what herself had obstinately refused him. The charms of the rival she gave herself, were well calculated to attract his regards. She was but eighteen years old, was very handsome, and which was not less necessary, was still a virgin. It has been before observed, that a maiden enjoys full liberty among the North American Indians. St. Castins encouraged by Azakia, had divers conferences with Zifma, which was the name of this young Huron lady, and in a few days he could read in her eyes that she would be less severe than his friend. It is not known whether he profited of the discovery; at least it did not make him forget Azakia, who, on her side, seemed to have no inclination to be forgotten. St. Castins felt himself, notwithstanding all his interior struggles, more attracted towards her. An accident, which every where else might have contributed to unite them, had like to have separated them forever.

They were informed, by some runaways, who had made more speed than others, that Ouabi had fallen into an ambush of the Iroquois; that he had lost some of his party: and that he himself was left on the field of battle. This news filled St. Castins with true sorrow. His generosity made him set aside all views of interest. He forgot, that, in losing a friend, he found himself rid of a rival. Besides, the death of this rival might also occasion that of Azakia. Her life,

from that moment, depended on the caprice of a dream....Such was the force of a superstitious custom, sacred from time immemorial among these people. If in the space of forty days, a widow who has lost her husband, sees and speaks to him twice successively in a dream, she infers from thence, that he wants her in the region of souls, and nothing can dispense with putting herself to death.

Azakia had resolved to obey this custom, if the double dream took place. She sincerely regretted Ouabi; and though St. Castins gave her cause for other sorrows, if she was to die, the prevalency of the custom had the ascendant over inclination. It is not easy to express the inquietudes, the terrors that tormented the lover of this beautiful and credulous Huron. Every night he fancied her a prey to those sinister visions; and every morning he accosted her with fear and trembling. At length, he found her preparing a mortal draught: it was the juice of a root of the citron tree; a poison, which, in that country, never fails of success. "Thou seest, dear Celario," said Azakia to him, "thou seest the preparation for the long journey which Ouabi has ordered me to make." "Oh heavens!" said St. Castins, interrupting her, "how can you believe in a foolish dream, a frivolous and deceitful delusion?" "Stop, Celario," replied the Huron; "thou deceivest thyself; Ouabi appeared to me last night; he took me by the hand, and ordered me to follow him. The weight of my body opposed this order. Ouabi withdrew with a mournful countenance. I called him back, and the only answer he gave me, was to stretch out his arms to me, and he afterwards disappeared. He will return without doubt, dear Celario; I must obey him,

and, after bewailing thy hard lot, I will swallow this draught, which will lull my body into the sleep of death; and then I will go and rejoin Ouabi, in the world of souls."

This discourse quite dismayed St. Castins. He spoke against it all that reason, grief, and love could suggest to him the most convincing; nothing seemed to be so to the young savage. She wept, but persevered in her design. All that the disconsolate Celario could obtain from her, was a promise, that, though Ouabi should appear to her a second time in a dream, she would wait before she put herself to death, to be assured of his; of which St. Castins was resolved to know the truth as soon as possible.

The savage neither exchange or ransom their prisoners; contenting themselves to rescue them out of the enemy's hands whenever they can. Sometimes the conqueror destines his captives to slavery; and he oftener puts them to death. Such are particularly the maxims of the Iroquois. There was, therefore, reason to presume, that Ouabi had died of his wounds, or was burnt by that barbarous nation. Azakia believed it to be so, more than any other: but St. Castins would have her at least doubt of it. On his side, he re-animates the courage of the Hurons, and proposes a new enterprise against the enemy. It is approved of...they deliberated upon electing a chief, and all voices unite in favor of St. Castins, who had already given proof of his valor and conduct. He departs with his troops, but not till after he had again Azakia's word, that, notwithstanding all the dreams she might yet have, she would defer at least till his return, the doleful journey she had designed.

This expedition of the Huron warriors was attended with all imaginable success. The Iroquois believed them to be too much weakened or discouraged to think of undertaking any thing, and were themselves on their march to come and attack them; but they were no way cautious how they proceeded. It was not so with St. Castins' band of warriors. He had dispatched some of his people to reconnoitre. They discovered the enemy without being seen by them, and returned to give advice thereof to their chief. The ground was found very fit for lying in ambuscade, and the Hurons availed themselves so well of it, that the Iroquois saw themselves hemmed in, when they believed they had no risk to run. They were charged with a fury that left them

no time to know where they were. Most of them were killed on the spot, and the remainder maimed or grievously wounded. The Hurons march off directly to the next village, and surprise the Iroquois assembled there. They were going to enjoy the spectacle of seeing a Huron burnt; and already the Huron was beginning to sing his death song. This no savage, whom the enemy is ready to put to death, ever fails to do....Loud cries, and a shower of musket balls soon dispersed the multitude. Both the fugitives and those who faced about to resist, were killed. All the savage ferocity was fully displayed. In vain St. Castins endeavored to stop the carnage. With difficulty he saved a small number of women and children. He was apprehensive, particularly, that in the midst of this horrible tumult, Ouabi himself was massacred, supposing he was still living, and was in that habitation. Full of this notion, he ran incessantly from one place to another. He perceived on a spot where the battle still continued, a prisoner tied to a stake, and having all about him the apparatus of death; that is combustibles for burning him by a slow fire. The chief of the Hurons flies to this wretched captive, breaks his bonds....knows him....and embraces him with transports of joy. It was Ouabi!

This brave savage had preferred the loss of his life to that of his liberty. He was scarcely cured of his wounds, when life was offered him, on condition of remaining a slave; but he had chosen death, determined to procure it if refused to him. The Iroquois were a people that would spare him that trouble; and one moment later, his companion could not have saved him.

After having dispersed or made slaves of the remains of the Iroquois in that quarter, the Huron army marched home. St. Castins wanted to give up the command of it to Ouabi, which he refused. On the way, he informed him of Azakia's purpose to die, persuaded that he was not alive, and that he had required her to follow him; he had acquainted him also of the poison she had prepared on that account, and the delay he had obtained from her with great difficulty. He spoke with a tenderness and emotion that deeply affected the good Ouabi, who called to mind some things he had not much attended to, at the time they happened; but he then let him know nothing of what he intended....They arrived: Azakia,

who had another dream, fancied this return as the signal of her fate. But, how great was her surprise, to see, among the number of the living, the husband she was going to meet in the abode of spirits!

At first she remained motionless and mute; but her joy soon expressed itself by lively caresses and long discourses. Ouabi received the one, and interrupted the others. Afterwards addressing himself to St. Castins: "Celario," said he, "thou hast saved my life, and what is still dearer to me, thou hast twice preserved to me Azakia; she therefore belongs more to thee than to me. I belong to thee myself: see whether she be enough to acquit us both. I yield her to thee through gratitude, but would not have yielded her, to deliver myself from the fire kindled by the Iroquois."

What this discourse made St. Castins feel, is hard to be expressed; not that it seemed so ridiculous and strange to him, as it might to many Europeans; he knew that divorces were very frequent among the savages. They separate as easily as they come together....But, persuaded that Azakia could not be yielded up to him without a supernatural effort....he believed himself obliged to evince equal generosity. He refused what he desired most, and refused in vain....Ouabi's perseverance in his resolution was not to be conquered. As to the faithful Azakia, who had been seen to resist all St. Castins' attacks, and to refuse surviving the husband whom she believed to be dead, it might perhaps be expected that she would long hold out against the separation her husband had proposed. To this she made not the least objection. She had hitherto complied only with her duty; and though she was free to listen to her inclination, since Ouabi required it of her. The pieces of the rod of union were brought forth, put together and burnt. Ouabi and Azakia embraced each other for the last time, and, from that moment, the young and beautiful Huron was reinstated in all the rights of a maiden. It is also said, that, by the help of some missionaries, St. Castins put her in a condition of becoming his wife, according to the rules prescribed to christians. Ouabi, on his side, broke the rod with the young Zifma; and these two marriages, so different in the form, were equally happy. Each husband, well assured that there were no competitors, forgot that there had been any predecessors.

*Monitorial.**From the Hive.*

Our years
As life declines speed rapidly away,
And not a year but pilfers as he goes,
Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep.

COWPER.

SHOULD we take a retrospect of a few years, consider what has been our employment, and the scenes we have passed through, we should readily acknowledge the fleetness of time. A year seems as a day, quickly gone, and remembered only by some trivial events, barely sufficient to stamp its short duration on our memories. Days of rejoicing and nights of pleasure pass away in rapid succession, and leave behind but a faint recollection of them. Reverse the scene, and anticipate some period, which will bring us prosperity, and a gratification of our most ardent wishes. Here time drags heavily along, and pains us in its tardy flight. Hours seem days and days years, which keep us too long from the joyous moment we anxiously seek. It at length arrives, and is succeeded by other events, which envelope this in misty darkness scarcely discernible. Thus, by a succession of events, age creeps on us, and destroys the blossoms of youth. The bud of tender years expand into full bloom, displays its beauties for a season, is exhilarated by the warm breezes of noon, and withers at the ruder blast of evening. Juvenile pleasures cannot for ever last, nor *youthful graces* remain in despite of age. Growing years will steal away the charms of twenty and dispoil it of its beautiful variety of complexion. A rosy countenance, the emblem of health and usefulness, is followed by wrinkles, which *pilfer* away the graces of younger days.

Reflection will show us the vanity of boasting of juvenile charms, since we cannot retain them as age comes on us. We may deplore the loss in silent sorrow, for rivers of tears will never restore them. Those transient beauties are gone, have taken their flight to other regions, and have for ever escaped our search.

OSCAR.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste; and we should as much avoid deceit, or sinister meanings in discourse, as we should puns, bad language, or false grammar.

FRENCH ANECDOTE.

SOME years ago a gentleman was travelling near a small village of Gondrecourt, when his carriage broke down. There was no inn near the place; and it would take up some time to repair the carriage, the traveller applied at the gate of a Monastery of Capuchins, for shelter and hospitality. He was received courteously, and the good Fathers and the stranger were conversing together upon a variety of subjects, when the bell rang for prayers. The traveller was asked if he would join in prayer; his answer was, that he was going to make an application to them for that purpose. After dinner the conversation was again resumed; the father talked of the interests of their order, of the number of Capuchin Monasteries in Germany, France, and Italy, of the merits and humility of St. Francis their founder, &c. Upon all these subjects the stranger not only concurred in opinion with them, but even communicated information to them upon some points. In short, his behaviour, his talents, his knowledge, and his piety, so captivated the Capuchins, that they pressed him seriously to enter the Order. The stranger hesitated for some time upon this proposition....in the mean time his carriage was announced, and the Convent was quitted by....Voltaire!

THE STORM.....A Fragment.

By winds tempestuous was the vessel driv'n,
O'er the BROAD WASTE where lonely waters roll;
Darkness hung awful round the low'ring heav'n,
And heavy thunders groan'd from pole to pole,"

MRS. FAUGERES.

—"GOOD heaven, have mercy upon me!" exclaimed Amelia, as she was carried from the cabin to the deck "Will my troubles never have an end, yet why should I murmur since it is the will of heaven, I should be miserable—But oh! my poor mother—" Here she was stopped by a heavy sea, which washed over the deck, and took off one of the men that supported her. Amelia had the presence of mind to cling to something which prevented her from sharing the same fate.

It was expected that the vessel would not hold out long; they had got the boat along side, and urged Amelia to make haste into it—"But where is my mother," said she, "I cannot leave her to perish alone." They told her that her mother was sick, and could not bear the fatigue of being removed. "I'll e'en stay, then, to comfort her—and die with her,

if it must be so, God's will be done. Farewell, my friends" continued she, as the boat was pushing off, "May the God of nature be merciful to you, and send you to some place of safety." Here the boat was swallowed up in a wave, and she never saw it more.

Amelia hastened to comfort her sick mother—The storm abated—There were two men, who had preferred staying behind with her—to help her—They shortly after saw a ship not far off that had suffered but little during the storm—They made signals of distress, and were providentially relieved.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM PITT.

MR. PITT being one day at a review in Hyde Park with the King, some of the courtiers, seeing the celebrated Kitty Fisher at a distance, whispered his majesty that it would be a good joke to introduce Mr. Pitt to her. The King fell in with it—and soon after, looking towards Miss Fisher, purposely asked who she was? "Oh, Sir," said Lord L—, "the Dutchess of N—, a foreign lady that the secretary should know." "Well, well," said the king, "introduce him." Lord L— instantly brought Mr. Pitt up, and opened the introduction by announcing. "This is Mr. Secretary Pitt this Miss Kitty Fisher." Mr. Pitt instantly saw the joke, and without being the least embarrassed, politely went up to her, and told her how sorry he was he had not the honour of knowing her when he was a young man—"for then, Madam," says he, "I should have had the hope of succeeding in your affections; but old and infirm as you now see me, I have no other way of avoiding the force of such beauty but by flying from it; and then instantly hobbled off. "So, you soon dispatched him, Kitty?" said some of the courtiers, coming up to her.—"Not I, indeed," says she, "he went of his own accord, to my very great regret, for I never had such handsome things said of me by the youngest man I ever was acquainted with."

LONDON PARAGRAPH.

Mr. Sheridan dined a few days ago at Richmond Park, the *invasion* was so much the subject of conversation, that the minister by way of experiment, got a little more than *half-seas over*.

Many have suffered by over-talking, but few by silence.

ON EDUCATION.

(concluded)

THERE are, doubtless, some constitutions so adapted by nature to virtue, that no troubles, situations or temptations, can subdue or extirpate their amiable propensities....but ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a character takes its bias and bearing from mere tuition, and the line it is either led or thrown into in the first stage of the human journey. If there be *no* innate ideas, it follows, that the mind of every new-born babe is equally pure....If there be those infantine seeds of the understanding and little embryos of intellect....they are easily turned into what channel the parent thinks proper....so that I cannot but think the father of a family one of the most awful charges upon earth.

It is admitted, that many children are unlike their parents, both good and bad; yet you will observe, where the notions of parents and children are dissimilar, the dissimilitude arises rather from difference of ages, or improper culture, than any thing else; in general, children are not liker in features than habits, and family-minds are as often transmitted as family-faces. There is a tractability in youth which receives, like snow, every impression....and it is almost as difficult to erase the impression of one as the other....If a son be trained up early to decency of manners, and have the example of dignity living and moving before his eyes (unless his temper be particularly untoward) he will turn out an elegant character....If he be trained up in different principles, he will act accordingly....The hoiden and the prude, amongst the other sex, take not their tint and character one time in ten from nature, but from a neglect early to give them a proper idea of deportment. It may be opposed that very sedate women have romping, runaway daughters, and very prudent fathers have very perverse sons....I mean to say no more than this, that, *generally* men and women act and think as they are taught whilst they are only able to lisp out their meaning....that education will have some influence on the most abandoned; and that, on the whole, virtue and vice depend very essentially on our primary sentiments and examples; whether good or ill, will ever attend us, in some measure, thro' all possible transitions, from the time we leave our cradles, to the time we shall be deposited in our coffins. Habit operates with equal energy

on man and beast. Evidences of the fact appear continually. Cast your eyes on that horse now engaged in dutiful drudgery, and on the herds and flocks which are grazing or sporting in the adjoining pastures: but we will confine ourselves to our own species, which are certainly the most interesting objects of speculation.

I was about to observe, that custom has much to do with our characters. There are certain actions so naturally and palpably good or evil, that neither sophistry nor slander, nor address, can either injure, mend, or mar them. To question the light at noon day, or the dark in the zenith of the night, would argue a malady beyond madness: so in like manner to dispute, whether downright wickedness be wickedness, and evident excellence be excellence, would be a lunacy in ethics, so absurd, that the poetical frenzy of poor Lee would be cool argument to it....on the other hand, if you live and mix long with mankind, you will find many of your fellow-creatures, pining away existence under the lashes....the bleeding lashes of reproach, merely because it is the custom to call one thing right and another wrong, without tracing either to the bottom. It is a maxim that the Vox populi, is the Vox Dei....that, "what every body says must be true."

I know nothing so deserving of refutation as a collection of those old saws and proverbs, which, acquiring force from antiquity, and estimation from rust....for there are virtuosos in letters, as well as in coins....are at length considered as utterly incontestible. Now, certain I am, that on examination into these very maxims we put so much credit in, some will turn out futile, some disputable, and many unfaithful. This is not a place for minute scrutinies, it will be sufficient to look into *that* I have just mentioned, and there is none more implicitly believed. "What every body says must be true.".... I have seen many instances to disprove this; I will recur to one only, which is uppermost in my memory. A young gentleman of my particular acquaintance, has for some time been deserted by his old companions, and branded as a man of unsteady principles, whose heart I know to abound with all those sensibilities which hurried him into the vortex of liberality, till he has become an object of liberality himself. He has those glowing feelings and sentiments which do at once honor and service to human nature: notwith-

standing which, embarrassments have beset him, and the world sets him down as an *undone* man. The world gets hold of a prejudice, and then it is called Vox Dei. The Vox Populi, is given as the sentiment of *every body*, and thus, many reputations are mistaken and misrepresented, which deserve a better fate. There are various persons likewise particularly reprobated for a few indelicate concessions to which necessity may, in violence of their better judgments, have constrained them to yield, who, had they possessed happier circumstances, would have made a much more respectable figure than those who now mark them with infamy.

There is *one* cruelty in the Vox Populi, which is certainly against every notion of the Vox Dei. It is the custom to abandon the weakest of our species to *that* ruin which the artifices of our sex have perpetrated; nor can any future repentance remove the sense of their error, or restore them to the bosoms of more fortunate women:

"They set like stars, to rise no more."

I had a wife with whom I mourned many years. She died of a broken heart. We had an only child taken from us....robbed of her by a man we held near our hearts. It was my incessant business for five years to recover our darling....but in vain. My wife fell into a deep and rapid consumption....she grew weaker every hour. We received, by a special messenger, a packet....from our beloved.....misguided.....repenting wanderer! She had thrown the pathetic parts of her story into poetry. We received at the same time, an attested account that our child was under the protection of that institution which offers an asylum to insulted penitence. My wife had only power to press the paper, trembling, to her bosom....She feebly lifted her eyes to heaven....and died!

ANECDOTE.

A MAN being capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, was, as usual, asked what he had to say why the judgment of death should not pass against him. "Say!" replied he; "why I think the joke has been carried far enough already, and the less that is said about it the better....if you please, sir, we'll drop the subject."

WHICH is the best throw you can make at dice? answer, *throw them away.*

*For the Philadelphia Repository.**"Amator est peior stulto, et cernis incertior auris."**Those bungling wives,*

With a blunt axe hack out their husbands' lives:
While now, the deed is done with dextrous art,
And a drugg'd bowl performs the axe's part.
Yet if the husband, prescient of his fate,
Have fortified his breast with mithridate,
She baffles him e'en there, and has recourse
To the old weapon, for a last resource.

Juvenal, Sat. 6.

THAT anxiety which sometimes secretly preys upon our feelings, and corrodes the imagination, has invariably been found the most difficult to suppress. Circumstances analogous to the subsequent relation, cannot, from some occult cause, be divulged, even by those who live in the most strict friendship. Having zealously sought for a source, to divert the waters of affliction into a channel that would waft in return an halcyon æra; the lucubrations of a periodical publication,* which spontaneously produces "The flowers of fiction and the gems of truth," hath at length afforded the desired opportunity.

Know reader, that fancy has not de-luded the humble narrator to a recital of woes unfelt; but if your heart is not entirely callous, you will, perhaps, commiserate my apparent irreverseable situation, and endeavour to avoid a path that leads to wretchedness, and terminates in an abyss of misery.

Being the only offspring of an opulent and reputable family, I received every indulgence, which parents, who were solicitous of gratifying the inclinations of a son that was to perpetuate their name, could bestow: the discipline of my tutor gave me an aversion to a scholastic education, and by my own desire, for some time, I led a very sedentary life: but this was of short duration, my father's affairs, owing to the failure of a certain banking house at Hamburgh, becoming extremely precarious, the indispensable alternative of applying myself to some useful profession next presented itself: being well aware of the necessity of obtaining a future livelihood, I reluctantly acquiesced with the importunities of my unfortunate parents.

My father did not long survive the losses he sustained, but resigned his breath in the arms of his afflicted partner, before he had passed the vigor of manhood; his untimely end, in a few months reduced my remaining parent to the verge of the grave, and too soon I received her

** The Philadelphia Repository.*

last blessing with inexpressible anguish. I cannot here attempt to depict the horrors which that event occasioned; the nearest and last relative had departed,.... unfriended and almost destitute. I would willingly have followed her immortal spirit to the mansions of a boundless futurity. Time however, had wrought a propitious change; a small patrimony that descended to me, together with certain economical pursuits, in a few years made my business lucrative: having a number of pupils who were devoted to my interest, and whose demands went never unsatisfied, I concluded, nothing was wanting to complete my happiness but the tie of wedlock.

Fortune soon granted my desire; an object that seemed calculated to make an impression upon the most obdurate heart, made me her slave; words were inadequate to express her perfections, beauty so consummate appeared never to have been surpassed, in a word,

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
"And in ev'ry gesture, dignity and love."

An antagonist so powerful, deprived me of all fortitude; resistance was in vain, and an advantageous proposal, obtained a blushing consent from her ruby lips,.... ecstatic moment! the ineffable transport is gone, I fear never to return. I anticipated many "fairy walks" and flowery scenes, in the silken chains of Hymen; impelled by an ardent infatuation, I longed for the solemnization of our nuptials: the important crisis at length arrived, and ere night had cast her dark mantle o'er the earth, Amelia was mine for ever.

The congratulation of my friends was received with sincere pleasure, and especially those of my pupils, who all wished me much happiness, their eyes beaming with joy upon an event which they imagined would be productive of mutual felicity: Alas! poor fellows, little did they think of the change that awaited them, even now the tear of compassion steals down my cheek at the reflection, and my heart is torn by the contending emotions of duty and affection.

Since our marriage which has now been about thirteen months, there has not been the slightest abatement of my love, but successive complaints have ensued from those whom before, with me a reciprocal union subsisted, of a total mismanagement of domestic concerns; restricted in what certainly are their rights, the bonds of unity are broken and discord has usurped the place of harmony. Tho' repeated remonstrances are made with

Amelia, yet with no effect, for she is far from expecting to be contemned, judging that all her transactions have an equitable foundation, and should I persist in resisting, the lovely creature is drowned in tears. On the other hand the epithet "My Love" is introductory to any favor she requires from me, being sensible, that this exordium, if delivered with a suasive cadence, carries with it a force that too frequently proves irresistible to a feeble enemy, for, by an instinctive impulse, I am induced to comply with all her requests, and her fervent caresses are esteemed an ample retribution.

In addition to the above calamity, it has been represented, that my friends strenuously exert themselves to pass their ribaldry upon me, and in a vulgar phrase affirm, that *Amelia wears the breeches*. This is no small misfortune, as it places a man in a very contemptable light, and exposes him to the derision of all who have a knowledge of his local situation.

Thus, having briefly related the peculiarity of my condition, which will readily be admitted is productive of the greatest uneasiness, it may probably occur to some, who possess a knowledge of the properties of the human mind, to prescribe an antidote to my domestic infelicity; if so, it will be respectfully received: but it is hoped, the sympathetic feelings of others, may not impel them to give publicity to the effusion of their sorrow, which would answer no other purpose than to create more violent exacerbations of grief in the breast of

LUDOVICO.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.**Theatric Representations.*

WHEN we consider the popularity of Philadelphia, the number of young men in it, possessing talents that would do honour to any city, we must be surprized to see how many trifle away their time in the most frivolous and unprofitable manner, instead of cultivating those gifts with which nature has endowed them. Though America is, comparatively, but an infant country, yet her youths are capable of putting those of any other nation to the blush. How truly deplorable is it then, that they suffer their minds to languish! Would they reflect that "*Cum animus languet, consumit inertia corpus*," it would, perhaps, rouse them from inac-

tivity to an exertion of their powers: and there is no doubt, but that the display of their abilities would command the admiration of every spectator.

Various are the means of improvement; but the stage appears to be that sphere in which young men of capacity shine to most advantage, and it is a method of improving, by which those who practise, and those who look on, are benefited. In corroboration of the former assertion, we need only witness the Thalian society, which was instituted here some time ago; and obtained permission to perform in the Old Theatre.....But here let me observe (sorry I am to make the observation) that among the members composing this, and many other useful societies, in this city, scarcely one out of ten was a young-man of rank and fortune. Ah! shame on you whose circumstances would enable you to have yourselves taught both the useful and ornamental sciences! shame on you, I say, who are thus situated, to suffer others not having half the advantages you have, to excel you in learning and knowledge!

Many persons now-a-days have a great aversion to plays; and to this chiefly may be attributed the little encouragement given to performances of this kind. But on coolly reflecting that they are only exhibitions of the real or imaginary actions of mankind, no one will, I presume, venture to say they have an evil tendency. This aversion principally, proceeds from the ignorance of those persons who cherish it, as to the real cause of their origin. Most persons who condemn theatric representations, take not the least trouble to investigate them. For instance, few of those people consider, or indeed know, that they took their rise in the patriotism of well disposed men, who seeing the rulers of their country exercise tyranny over its citizens resorted to that mode of satirizing, as the most likely to effect a discontinuance of injustice exercised; and to prevent others from imitating them. And if we credit history (which undoubtedly we ought) it had, in a great measure, the intended effect; for we find, that the fear of being publicly exposed on the stage, had great influence on the conduct of the officers of government in Greece. But here, some will ask....are there any plays written for that purpose now?....I answer....if not for that, there are for equally as good a one. It is well known, I believe, that almost every play terminates in rewarding the

virtuous, and bringing to conviction or punishment those characters in it, which have seduced innocence, betrayed a friend, or committed other detestable crimes. Beside, there are pieces in some plays, which convey to the mind the most refined sentiments.

Having thus given a hint of the benefits to be derived from theatric representations, I shall take leave of the subject, hoping that some one more able than myself, will take it up and improve thereon; in order to induce young men to form themselves into societies similar to that of the Thalian.

VIGILARIUS.

[The following Poem was written by a Student of Law, in Frankford. He took the idea from seeing a young man (in one of his morning rambles) standing involved in a deep reverie, upon a craggy rock, that overhangs the Kentucky river—"The gale sighed through his dark-brown hair, and breathed upon the mossy-rock."]

RYNO AND COLMA.

A Poem....after the manner of Ossian.

Argument.

The poem is simply this: Ryno is in love with Colma—they meet at a feast together, where Ryno and other bards join in the song.—Colmar, the father of Colma, discovers the fondness of Ryno, and the reciprocal attachment of Colma.—He frowns upon his daughter, who, in the midst of a storm, retires from the feast to a cave. Ryno never hears of her more.—He laments upon the "mossy rock," his bard fate, and the ghost of Colma appears, to remove his uncertainty: When he hears she is dead he plunges head-long from the rock, and dies.

IT is night. The pale moon is behind the clouds of the east. The gale whistles through the waving grass, and the waves of ocean beat upon the sea-surrounded rock. The bird of night shrieks from afar, and the ghosts of death walk through the gloom. The spirit of the hills is near, and speaks of the narrow house. Meteors flit through the air, and cold is the blast of death. The hunter has retired to rest, and the shrill blast whistles round his booth. The stream of the valley murmurs among the rocks, but its murmurs are sullen and sad. Lonely is the traveller of the heath, who sighs to the passing gale, and longs for his distant home. Ryno sits on the top of the mossy rock, and eyes the troubled waves. Sad was the mind of Ryno, and great his cause of grief. He had heard of bards who had lived in the days of other years. They sunk into the narrow house, but the sons of the song were mighty in their praise. Ryno was in love with the fair-haired Colma, as he

sat by the sounding stream. He thought of the blue-eyed maid, and thus spoke the tale of his grief....

RYNO...."Colma, loveliest of maids, fairest of the daughters of heroes! Thy breasts were like the snow of the vale, and thy form like the mountain pine! Thy breath was as sweet as the scented gale, and thy voice like the breeze that sighs among the thistles of the rock! Thy eyes were like the stars of the night, and thy locks like the mist that rises from the lake, when driven by the passing gale! Whither, O maid! hast thou fled, and where is the place of thy grief? Do you hover about the lonely stream, and listen to the roar of the mountains' wind! or low are you laid in the narrow house, where comes the spirit of the dead? Much was my power in war, and my pride among women was great. My song was heard in the feast of shells, and my voice was of the heroes of other times. My sword in war was like the lightning of the field, my face in peace was bright as the moon after a storm. In war, my voice was as terrible as the storm of the ocean, but mild in peace as the gale that is borne upon the stream of the valley. Why, O maid! didst thou leave me in my grief? Why, like a meteor of night, didst thou vanish from the sight of the hero? Roll on, ye dark brown years, for ye bring no joy in your course! Hasten your speed, O sun! for no longer are you the pride of my youth! Blow ye winds of the heath, ye storms of the mountain howl, for the hapless bard of the song! Colma was the joy of my youth, and oft has she heard the tale of my love. But Ryno sung in vain, for Colma heard not the song of the bard. The song went round in the feast of heroes, and the light of my soul arose. The storm murmured through our halls, and the spirit of the mountain was on the wind. Thunder roared upon the distant hill, and the oak of Morven yielded to the blast. Windows flapped, ghosts stalked through the gloom, and the bird of night was heard mournful upon the heath of the hill. Colma was absent from the hall, and no more was she seen by Ryno, the lonely lover of the rock. A ghost, borne upon the wind, murmured through the chinks of the hut. I started, and thought it was the form of the blue-eyed maid, uncertain as the moon after a storm, when she peeps at intervals between the passing clouds. I listen to the gale as it breathes upon the mossy rock, and the passing breeze, as it sighs among

the leaves of the mountain pine. But the joy of my youth is fled, and my pride among women is gone. I shall soon sink into the narrow house, but the bard shall not raise the voice of the song. My fame shall pass away, like the mists of the morn, before the sun, or the flower that is driven by the wind, amidst the darkness of the mountain heath."

The ghost of Colma came on the murmuring gale, gray, like a half-extinguished meteor.

COLMA.... "Why, O Ryno! do you weep for the lonely dweller of the rock? Why by the stream of Crona, do you mourn the fair-haired maid, who has fallen in her youth as a star in its darkness? Cease, Ryno of the song! nor let your voice be heard by the stream of the winding course. Long since have I descended into the narrow house, and my ghost is seen dim, as the dark-brown hind, to walk among the heath of the hill. It sits upon the sea-beaten rock, and listens to the shrieks of the distant owl. It is the voice of Ryno, I have said, when borne, as fleeting shadows upon the unequal blast.

"When the feast of shells went round, Colmar in the darkness of his soul, eyed the love-sick maid of his wrath. Colmar was Ryno's foe, and I fled from the songs of the bards. The night was a night of storms. The scattered oaks fell from the mountains. The seas darkly tumbled beneath the storm, and the waves dashed against the foot of the murmuring rock. I sought the cave of the streamy Ardven, where lies the body of the maid who died in the midst of her youth, for Ryno the son of the song.

Ryno darkly rolls his tearful eye. He mournfully views the steep of death, and falls from the top of the mossy rock. The bards raised the song for Ryno. The weary hunter will mourn over the son of the song and the distant wolf will howl on the heath, for the hero who fell in his youth.

CURIOSITY.

THE following letters were found in a Welsh church over the Ten Commandments, and remained upwards of a century unexplained. As a couplet of poetry making use of only one of the vowels, it commands admiration,

PRSVRYPRECTMN,
VRKPTHSPRCPTSTN.

To solve the enigma, add one vowel, and use it as often as found necessary.

FRENCH FASHIONS.

A LADY writes from Paris, that during the preparations for the invasion of England, Buonaparte is trembling, Moreau blushing, Carnot laughing, Berthier shuddering, Sieyes smiling, Talleyrand sighing, Fouché groaning, the Generals bowing, the Admirals sneering, the Soldiers singing, the Sailors crying, the Merchants grumbling, the Clergy praying, and the People paying.

Philadelphia, Jan. 21, 1804.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The publication of a new daily paper, will be commenced in this city in February next, by Mr. W. M'Corle. It is understood that this paper will impartially detail the intelligence of the day, divested of that political scurrility, and editorial virulence which has too long disgraced the columns of American papers.

J. Bioren & T. L. Plowman, have just put to press, the History of the Wars which arose out of the French Revolution, to which is prefixed, a Review of the Causes of that Event—by Alexander Stevens, Esq. of the hon. society of the Middle Temple. This work is written in an easy, polished style, and apparently, with impartiality. It will be published by subscription, at four dollars; the London edition sells at twenty five.

Medal for Printing Ink:

"Extract from the minutes of the Philadelphia Company of Booksellers, Jan. 13, 1804.

The Committee to whom was committed the Specimens of Printing Ink, as also the Volumes accompanying them, respectfully report:—

That they have carefully examined the Specimens of Printing Ink, as also the Books produced as Specimens, submitted to their inspection, are of opinion, though both are good, and superior to a specimen of London Ink examined at the same time, yet, that the preference is due to the Ink made by Mr. Jacob Johnson, not only as to the appearance, but as it preserves its colour, when exposed to the heat of a stove, superior to others; they therefore, take the liberty of submitting the following resolution:—

Resolved, That a gold Medal of the value of Fifty Dollars, be given to Mr. Jacob Johnson, in conformity to the resolution passed last August, he having produced the best specimen of Printing Ink to the Company.

On motion, Resolved, That the company agree to the above report, and that a committee be appointed to have the Medal made, as also that the resolution be published, signed by the President, and attested by the Secretary."

MATHEW CAREY, President.

Attest, WM. BRADFORD, Sec'y.

Married—On Monday evening 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milldollar, Mr. TIMOTHY BLAKE, to Miss ANN JARMIN.

Last evening, by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. JAMES A. NEAL, principal of the Young Ladies' Academy of Philadelphia, to Miss CHRISTINA PALMER, daughter of the late Mr. James Palmer, Editor and proprietor of the British Chronicle, Kelso, Scotland.

Died—Mrs. Jane Osborne, aged 88:—Michael Kuhn, Esq. aged 35.

To Correspondents.

I, is informed that there is too much of 'day & chaos' in his lines, to illumine the poetical page of the Repository: young poets would do well to remember, that, to render a line poetical, they must attend to accent, quantity, and sense.

Rebus—this species of composition is seldom of much advantage—yet men of considerable talents have, for amusement spent some moments in that way:—In rebuses the poetry ought to be good, the things made use of judiciously selected, and such as we are generally acquainted with; if these qualities be wanting, the rebus is not worthy of notice.—The editor must also inform gentlemen who choose to correspond with him in this way, that an explanation must always accompany the rebus.

Twice-two's question is among the simplest given in mensuration; similar questions are found in every writer on that subject.

D. L's question is given, with only a small variation in the numbers in Gough's 100, No. 87.

The editor would gladly oblige young arithmeticians, by inserting their questions, but he must inform them, it is necessary they should differ in their conditions from those found in authors which are generally read and in all our schools.

* * * Subscribers will please to take notice, that the first monthly payment of 25 cents, will be collected by the carriers, on Saturday next.

Lately Published,

And for sale at the Book-store of

Jacob Johnson,

NO. 147, Market-street, Philadelphia,

THE Young Ladies Mentor, or extracts in prose and verse for the promotion of virtue and morality, by Eliza Leslie of Philadel. 62
Juvenile Miscellany, including some natural history, for the use of children, with 18 engravings 18
Mentorial Tales, for the instruction of young ladies just leaving school and entering upon the theatre of life, by Mrs. Pilkington 100
A Premium, designed as a reward for Diligence, ornamented with 18 engravings 21
A Cabinet of various Objects—a small box containing 30 engravings, with two small volumes of explanations 75
A New Spelling Alphabet for Children—a neat box in which are a number of single letters on cards, with one first book for spelling 87
Bible Stories—memorable acts of the ancient judges, patriarchs and kings, by W. Scofield 30
Same Book in gilt binding 75
Economy of Human Life (a neat edition) 37
Same Book in fine binding 62
Road to Learning (a new edition) 31
Footsteps to the Natural History of Birds, with cuts 25
Children in the Wood, with elegant engravings 37
History of Lazy Lawrence 25
Search after Happiness, by Hannah Moore 25
A variety of other small publications, making the most valuable collection of interesting matter heretofore offered to the American youth.
J. Johnson proposes to devote most of his attention to the juvenile department of his store, with an expectation of giving satisfaction to his numerous little customers and their parents.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MISS ———.

IS'T true, dear girl, ere one short month goes by,
The envious sails will bear you from my view?
That your fair face will cease to bless mine eye,
Ere scarce my tongue has murmur'd out, *adieu!*
Ah! say not so, dear girl, in pity stay;
Be kind, and listen to your lover's pray'r:
My every joy is fled, when you're away:
Ah! then, in pity stay—such thoughts forbear—
What tho' your absence lov'd companions mourn,
What tho' kind friends your long delay deplore,
Ah! think what pangs are mine, when from me
borne,

You go to meet them on your native shore.
E'en tho' my comfort be not worth your care,
For your *own sake* the hasty flight delay;
Tempestuous are the winds, and bleak th' air;
The sail'ors, shivering-cold, their anchor weigh.
'Tis true, indeed, you have not far to go,
And soon the winds may waft you to your friends;
Yet, 'nought is certain,' MARY, 'here below,'
And my sad heart some dire event portends.

Yet scarcely has revolv'd one fleeting year,
Since on the bosom of the neighb'ring stream,
A kind, fond father and his daughter dear,
Were hast'ning home (soft pleasure all their theme)
Hope had diffused her smiles on either face,
Whisp'ring, that ere the sullen night could come,
They would be clasp'd in the much wish'd embrace
Of friends, and taste the joys of cheerful home.—
When loud the angry tempest 'gan to roar!
Their little barge now high, now low was tost!
Lashing her sides, the waves rag'd on to shore!
Struck by the winds, she upset—all were lost!—
The father strove his child to assist, but lo!
His aid was vain—no mortal arm could save:
And ah! (how sad the hapless tale of woe)
The *Delaware* gave both a wat'ry grave!—

Let this sad tale to you a warning be,
Risk not your life—wait for the smiles of spring—
We will beguile the time in converse free,
And listen while the loves and graces sing.
Stay, I conjure you by this falling tear!
Trust not to fickle winds your precious life;
Oftimes the fairest days which grace the year,
Prepare the way for elemental strife.

Oh stay! and smile upon my love sincere;
Delay your hasty, cruel flight, I pray;
E'en tho' you smile not, you will still be dear:
Nay, MARY, even frown—but ah! do stay.

EDWY.

THE WISH.

O! WOULD indulgent heav'n bestow,
While yet I sojourn here below,
Of gold enough to set me free
From all the snares of penury;
Enough, that something I might spare
To feed the hungry, cloath the bare!
Plain should my raiment be, and meet
To shield my limbs from cold, and heat;
My food—sufficient to supply
Nature's demands, not luxury.
A cot I'd have, where plainness reigns,
(No fret-work roof, nor Tyrian stains,
Which kindle pride, and wild desires,
In minds that blind ambition fires.)
Plac'd near some venerable wood,
Whose branches long have storms withstood,
There let my limbs at ease be spread,
My soul converse with sages dead;
Or through the shade while pleas'd I walk
With God my great creator talk,
In mental parley; whilst around
A solemn, sacred hush is found,
Till my rapt soul intranc'd shall stray
On Fancy's wings to realms of day.
Here, far from care and noise and strife,
Reside the real sweets of life:
Content, the choicest blessing giv'n
To favour'd man by bounteous heav'n,
O give Content with me to dwell
Joint-tenant of my humble cell!
Content! from gilded rooms of state
Expell'd with never-ceasing hate!
Let *Damon* too the friend be there,
The noble, generous, and sincere,
Whose soul from pride as vice is free,
A foe profess'd to flattery.
Blest with their presence all will smile,
And some new joy each hour beguile.
Grant me but this, I'll wish no more,
Possess'd of all my soul calls store.
Grant this, I'd look with pity down
On pride's vain play-thing call'd a *Crown*.

ANSWER

To the Charade in the last Repository.

YOUR *first* is wo, oft to the horac address'd,
Whose fiery course his driver would arrest;
Your *second's* MAN by heav'n's creating word,
Rais'd to the rank of the creation's lord;
Your *whole*—the last, the fairest work of heav'n,
By God to man, for bliss and comfort giv'n.

ADELIO.

ANOTHER.

YOUR *first*, the hind to stop his horse cry'd, *wo*;
Your *second's* *man*, chief of God's works below;
Your *whole*, when join'd, is *Woman*, lovely creature,
Created last, and matter-piece of nature. B. B.

ORIGINAL CHARADE

MY *first* is what all lawyers will agree
The very object that precedes their fee!
My *second* is what men use to express
Things beyond any doubt or any guess:
My *whole* is as the idol of the soul
Of every one, which nothing can controul.

RELAXATION.

WINTER.

ADIEU ye groves, adieu ye plains;
All nature mourning lies;
See gloomy c'ouds, and thick'ning rains,
Obscure the lab'ring skies.

See from afar th' impending storm
With sullen haste appear;
See winter comes a dreary form,
To rule the varied year.

No more the lambs with gamesome bound
Rejoice the gladden'd night,
No more the gay enamell'd ground,
Or sylvan, scenes delight.

Thus, *Mary*, much esteemed maid,
Thy early charms shall fail;
The rose must droop, the lily fade,
And wintry storms prevail.

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

To subscribers in the city who pay monthly,
25 cents for every 4 numbers...to those
who pay half yearly in advance, \$3 per vol.
To distant subscribers \$3 per annum, paya-
ble half yearly in advance.
The 2d & 3d vols. may be had at \$3 per vol.
unbound, (if bound, the price of binding will
be added.)

Letters (postage paid) will be duly at-
tended to.

Ornamental Hair.

FOR sale by JOSEPH CLEMENS, No. 102, South
Second Street, corner of Dock Street, an elegant
assortment of Ladies Wigs, of the latest European
Fashions, consisting of Helmets, Caskets, Grecian,
Turban, Cecilian, Savage Crops and Rustic Wigs—
made in a superior style, and on the most reasonable
terms.—Orders will be thankfully received and
dispatched at the shortest notice.

N.B. Wanted, two or three experienced work-
men, none need apply but such as are fully acquaint-
ed with their business. *ruy*

Just published, and for sale (in sheets) at the
office of the REPOSITORY,

A NEAT EDITION OF

Rippon's Hymns.